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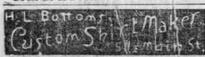
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-FOR-LOVE OF A LANCASHIRE LASS:

A ROMANCE OF FACTORY LIFE.

BY J. M. FOSTER. Author of "A Pit Brow Lussie," "The Black Moss Mystery," Etc.

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CHAPTER L .- DOWN THE OLD SHAFT. Through the rotten fence, and down into the black mouth of the old pit Dan Ashton had been flung, by the force of the passionate blow Mark Eliot had struck him, and that horrible peal of deadliest terror had welled from his lips as he felt himself falling in the dark un-

Fortunately for Dan and his assailant also, the stricken man had not very far to fall, for although the pit was forty or nity fathoms deep, it was filled with water to within half-a score of yards of

with a tremendous splash, and the force of his fall shot him to a considerable depth. But a moment or two later he arose to the surface of the water, awfully terrified, greatly shaken by his sudden plunge, and with mouth and eyes filled

with the nauseous fluid. Luckily for Ashton he was an expert swimmer, and on coming up he supported himself by treading the water, while he glanced around for means of escaping from his dangerous position.

"guide rods" attached thereto, still re-mained in the shaft, and with an effort he contrived to seize one of the oaken beams set in the brickwork, and lifting himself from the water he sat astride

While immersed in the flood beneath him, Dan had been too much occupied in the work of saving himself, to ery out for help. But now that he had climbed out of the water, and the fear of immediate death had passed away, he opened his mouth and prepared to shout with all his force for aid.

But his lips closed suddenly without a sound or a word coming therefrom. A new fear had now taken possession of him, and prevented him from raising an

into the pit might still be at the top, and if he cried out Mark might take fresh steps to destroy nim-might east great stones down the shaft upon him, and thus kill him.

That thought shut Ashton's mouth like a vice, and he sat there cold and shivering, glancing along the circular hole overhead, and listening intently for the slightest sound which would indicate Mark Eliot's presence on the surface.

stirred at the mouth of the shaft-at least nothing he could hear. A ring shaped patch of the blue sky was visible to him, across it he watched the white clouds drift and now and again a bird flitted on swift wings over the dark hole which formed Dan's prison. At first the silence of the well-like hole

had seemed profound to the man who sat there astride the stout oaken beam, wet and chilled to the very bone; but after a while he could hear the ceaseless drip drip, of the water which ran down the rough slimy sides of the shaft.

be made known. and presently out of bis burning brain distinctly. As he glanced around-above, to where the white daylight there sprung an idea which filled him shone; below, where the dark deep pool lay, and at the wet slippery sides of shaft, something struck his gaze which stant he was putting the new idea to the sent a thrill of satisfaction to his beart.

entrance to some old seam, and it was only a couple of yards above Dan's head. He must reach it. Therein he would be safer at all events than sitting astride that piece of timber which might give way at any moment and precipitate him

Dan shook the old guide rod which ran it strong enough, he commenced to raise himself towards the old mouthing.

But to climb the rod was no easy matter. It was dripping with water and slimy mud; and it was only after much desperate struggling that Ashton contrived to reach and scramble into the

ing and tired after his exertions, wondering what step he should next take. He was much easier in his mind now. All danger of immediate death was passed, and his rescue now was only a mere question of time. Before long the broken fence at the ton

of the pit would attract attention, some comfortable position.

back against the cold wall of the old gallery, and listened intently for sound of voice or feet above. Then he bethought him that a smoke

would greatly relieve the tedium of his bacco, and matches.

his pipe was missing; it must have gone with his bat, down into the dark water. This discovery added a new discomfort to Dan's situation, and as he cursed the lost "briar," he crammed a portion of the weed into his mouth.

Suddenly a new idea struck him. Ensconed there in the mouthing of the disused seam he was safe from his assailant. Nothing that Mark could hurl down the shaft could reach him how. He might ery out now without fear.

He opened his mouth, and with all the depth of his lungs cried out: ''Help! help! help!'' But the sound of his own voice startled him, and awoke in his breast a new fear.

He was almost dumb: the greatest noise he could produce was a low, harsh gurgle, that no one could hear a dozen var is away. That sudden, frightful plunge into the deadly cold water of the pit had put shouting beyond him-had made him so hoarse that he could scarcely speak.

This discovery filled Dan with desperation and despair. It was terrible to think that if any one came to the top of the pit now he could not make himself heard.

Again and again he cried out in his fury, trying to break the husky fetters which chained his lungs, tongue and throat; and these wild attempts at articulation only made him still more hourse. At last, exhausted, be ceased even to mutter those half-audible, half-grating

The first of the two candles was nearly burned out, and unless he could effect his escape before its tellow was consumed his position would be more awful than it was an hour ago. Had he re-mained beside the old shaft he might curses, and a sullen, bitter kind of resignation, seemed to settle down upon him. mained beside the old shaft he might upon him would have been unnatural; How long would his loss of voice en- have been rescued, but here, in the heart and in striking down Dan he had only

of the old mine, no one would think of proved how passionately he resented the seeking him.

dripping garments clinging to his chilled Two courses were open to him. With body, was it likely that his hoarseness the light of the remaining candle he would pass away in time to enable him to might make his way back to the shaft, and there await for what God sent him-He feared not, and so fearing was filled death or relief. Or he could attempt to with the darkest despair.

There he crouched in his hole, growing clear a path through the fall that barred

Which course should be pursue? If he failed to effect his escape before the last candle expired he would indeed be lost. Without a light he could not hope to make his way back to the pit, and common-sense prompted him to return while he had the means at his command.

When he had half made up his mind to retrace his steps he noticed two things. The flame of the candle was still deflected onward, therefore the current of air must be passing over the fall. A recognition of the fact cheered him a little, for it proved that the heap of debris was Singularly enough Dan felt no bitternot very extensive.

But the other thing he noticed was of a still greater significance. The fall of roof beside which he was seated was not composed of rock; it was hard clayey soil, interspersed with long roots, and as he bent forward to examine the debris more closely, he discovered a green sod.
''Clay! roots! grass!'' he cried with a hosrse sob. "My God! I must be near the surface!" Balcarres wood, and in a little while the

He sank down at the foot of the fall quite overwhelmed with the joy this great discovery brought him, and then a heartfelt prayer arose from his stirred soul and quivering tips.

Then he sprang to his feet, a new courage running riot in his pulses, a new strength suddenly awakened in his arms. He lit the other candle and placed it securely between two stones; then like a madman he attacked the heap of soil to pierce his way like a prisoned rabbit to liberty.

CHAPTER LI.-UNDER ARREST FOR MUR-DER.

A death-like silence pervaded the humble dwelling under the shadow of Warringham Parish church, which old Bob Cubby called his home, but in one of the low ceilinged and sparsely garnished rooms on the ground floor a bright light was burning.

Upon a small bed in this chamber Mark Eliot lay still as death, and almost the color of one whose life had flown. The sufferer's only compensation was his old sweetheart.

There beside the little plain bedstead she was seated, her face almost as wan as that of the man she watched so care-

fully, so tenderly.

Two hours ago she and Nancy came thither in obedience to old Bob's request. They had found Mark in the very height of delirium-in the fearful grip of the dread fever, which was consuming him body and mind. When they arrived the doctor was pres-

ent, and he had stated that the next two hours would witness either h s patient' end, or the first step towards his recovery. Sorrowing, awe stricken, Nellie had

stood beside the couch of her fever-racked lover, and listened to his wild ut-With breaking heart, pain distorted face and swimming eyes, she stood there catching every word that left the wandering one's burning lips. She heard him babble of his passionate love for herself; heard him speak of the terrible troubles he had gone through-of

the great fraud Dan Ashton and Maybew had concocted-of meeting the former She noticed the looks of amaze and fear that flitted across the faces of the doctor and her foster mother when the frenzied man spoke of the violent manner in which he had dealt out justice to the

audlord of the Star. It was absolute torture to Nellie to hear Mark incriminate himself, and being powerless to shield him from the guilt his own ravings was axing upon him, she prayed to God to close his lips.
In an hour or so the fury of the deliri
"I must speak, Nellie!" he so

am abated, and soon afterwards the ailing man sank into a comatose slumber, so deep, profound and deathlike that it a little less terrible than his frenzy had been.

Then the doctor slipped away, saying that the worst was over; and a little later Nancy went back to the Star.

But Nellie decided to remain at Mark Eliot's side, and neither Nancy nor old Bob Cubby urged her to go away. They felt in their own rough fashion that no common tie bound the sick man and the girl together; that the girl's place was at her old lover's side; that he had claims upon her, she upon him also, which could not be forgotten or overlooked at a supreme moment like the

So there she stayed, and in a little while Nellie and the slumbering man were left together in the room alone. Bob having stolen away to the kitchen to snatch a few winks of sleep.

And when the door closed behind

the sad-eyed watcher bent over the little white bed, looked long, closely, lovingly on the unconscious slumberer's face, and touched his heated brow tenderly with her red lips, while the hot tears falling from her eyes fell upon his white cheeks.

Never, it seemed to her, until now had she fully reslized how deeply she loved Mark. And now she was another's wife-and he, through the pressure of a terrible wrong, had stained his hands with the blood of a fellow creature.

But that mad act of violence only testified to the depth of his affection for herself. Had he loved her I ss he would never have visited such a terrible punishment upon one of the villains who had torn them apart-would not have been lying there now, helpless.

And loving her so passionately, how strong and noble he had proved himself to be in resisting the great temptation she had offered him. Rather than take her away to share with him a life of shame-although it would have been a life of love as well-he had elected to stay and face a worse dishonor-perhaps

In dumb, voiceless pain she sat there, silently weeping, and wondering when and how it would all end. When Mark recovered-when Dan Ashton's fate was When he rested, the flame of his discovered, as it must soon be-Mark candle was deflected onward, and this Eliot would only change his sick bed for a prison cell.

How much better it would have been ling in the same direction as himself. For that current of gir there must be an

if Mark had acted upon her suggestion, outlet, he argued, and if he followed it, and carried her away with him to America. The tragic nature of Dan Ashton's fate might have remained undiscovered for years, and even had it been revealed no one would have saddled the real culpril with his death, for old Bob Cubby would never have revealed Eliot's secret.

And out there in the New World she and her lover might have lived happily together, forgetting the dark trouble past, and forgotten by all those they had formerly known.

To have plainly submitted to the infa mous deception his foes had practised upon him would have been unnatural; DR. HARTMAN'S

fraud which tore them part. Thus ran her sad thoughts, and just then the great clock in the church tower outside, rang out the hour of nine; and ere the sonorous notes of the bell had dled away, a loud and peremptory knock

was heard at the door. Nellie rose to see who thundered at the panels in such rude fashion at that season. But old Bob came running from the kitchen with his knuckles in his sleepy eyes, and muttering curses on

the heads of the intruders. Then he threw open the door and Nel-

lie heard some one say: "Is there a man named Mark Ellot here, Bob?"

"There is, " Cubby replied, sullenly savagely, "but yo' connot see him at present. "How's that? We must see him. Don't shut the door, or we shall have to

"What do yo' want?" Bob demanded. "Let us in and then we will tell you." "Come in then, an' may God forgive thoose as sent yo' heer at such a tahme

as this! " The indignant old factory man fell back from the doorway, and two policemen entered with considerable show of authority. They, however, stopped suddenly on the threshhold, and their faces fell when Nellie confronted them, and they saw the white bed and the sleeping man.

"What is it you want?" she demanded, contemptuousiv, her beautiful face white and hard set her great brown eyes flashing in an ominous way. Like guardian angel she stood there between her sweetheart and the officers of the law, and she would have saved him with her own life had it been possible.
"We've come to arrest a man named

Mark Eliot for the murder of Dan Ashton," one of the constables began, "We've a warrant for him, and Cubby here says he is in the house

now. "There he is," she said, pointing to the unconscious slumberer. "Two hours ago the doctor said be was dying; he is asleep now, and may get better if he is not disturbed. Awake him and the shock may kill him."

"I'm sorry, but we must do our duty," said the other policeman, quietly. "In a case of this sort it would cost us our places to do anything else. ''

"For heaven's sake speak low or you will wake him!'' she murmured. "Take

She emptied the contents of her purse in her hand and held the shining golden and silver coins to the officers. But they only shook their heads and stood firm. "We cannot go: we must wait till he wakens up and do our duty.

She cast herself upon the chair beside the bed with a gesture of despair, and one of the officers muttered to old Bob: 'le this a dodger?''
''Dodge be ----?'' the old fellow cried

"He's been as near gone as a angrily. mon could be!" Suddenly a new voice was heard in the chamber, and the eyes of all were turned towards the bed whereon Mark Eliot lay. He was awake, seemed quite conscious, and was regarding those about

"What is the matter?" he asked, quite calmly. "What do these men want? "Are you Mark Eliot?" one of the

him with curious eyes.

constables said, stepping forward. "I am. " "Then I've a warrant for your arrest. Here it is. You are accused of the mur-

der of Dan Ashton. " "Murder? I did-" "For God's sake, Mark," Nellie eried, dropping on her knees beside the bed, "do not say anything to convict yourself! What has happened no one can tell save you. Hush! Do not "I must speak, Nellie!" he said.

laying his hand lovingly upon her dark "Yes. I have killed him-" head. "What you say now, will be used against you at the trial," was the formal, but not unkindly meant interruption of the constables.

"I know-still I must speak. Do not stop me, Nellie. I killed him-would do it again. You will find him at the bottom of the old pit in Balcarres Wood. I intended to give myself up-you know that I did, Nellie-you, too, Bob; but what does it matter now?''

[TO BE CONTINUED.] DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

Four of a Party of Thirteen Lose Their Lives in the Water-

BALTIMORE, MD., Aug. 8 .- Mrs. Mollie Storm, wife of Mr. S. V. Storm, and Edith V., his fourteen-year-old daughter, Mrs. J. R. Johnson, and Carroll, aged nine years, son of Mr. J. S. Graham, were drowned yesterday in St. Ingoes creek, St. Mary's county, while bathing. The bodies were recovered and brought to Baltimore this morning. The drowned were members of a party of fourteen Baltimoreans. The party, with the exception of Miss Graham, who stood on the shore, went bathing in the creek about a quarter of a mile from the house where they were stopping. The steamer Sue came along. The delight of the younger ones at the sight of the vessel found expression in hearty cheers and waving of hands, which salutations Capt. Geoghan acknowledged by several whistles. The Sue at this time was about a quarter of a mile distant from the bathers. The underflow from the steamer caught the women and children and swept some of them beyond their depth. Miss Nettie Graham cried out so loudly that Capt. Geoghan heard her, but before he could reach the bathers a number of oystermen went to their resoue, and saved uine. Mrs. Johnson and Edith Storm lost their lives in their efforts to save Mrs. Storm and Carroll Graham. Mrs. Stevens when carried ashore was insensible, but was resus-

SHEBMAN.

A Negro Charged with Killing His Wife-Runaway Boy Captured.

pecial to the Gazette. SHERMAN, TEX., Aug. 8 .- Tobe Garnett, a very black negro, spent yesterday in Sherman with his mother. He left for home in Denison at 12 o'clock, and in less than two hours our officers were telegraphed to look out for him, as he had killed his wife. He cut her throat and escaped. His wife was said to be a fine-looking yellow girl, and Garnett was enraged with jealousy, surely a premeditated job all around. Officers are

Randolph Oleon, a fourteen-year-old runaway kid, was captured by officers and returned to his home in Tom Bean

Lecture on Acute Diseases of the Abdomen---Continued.

CHOLERA MORBUS AND BILIOUS COLIC.

These Two Painful and Pangerous Diseases Graphically Described-

A Letter from a Cholera Morbus Fatient.

There are two acute diseases of the abdominal organs which I have decided to include in one lecture, not because there is, strictly speaking, any similarity in the nature of them, but because their chief symptom is violent pain and oramps, which necessitate nearly the same treatment. The three ailments referred to are cholera morbus, bilious colic and renal colic.

Cholera morbus is usually quite alarming in the suddenness and severity of its onset, as well as the violence of all the attending symptoms. It is prevalent in warm countries and in temperate climates during the summer months. Without any warning the person is taken with vomiting and purging, intense griping, and spasms in the arms and legs. The vomited matter is mostly bilious, and the passages from the bowels are of the same kind. Great anxiety and depression soon follows the attack unless promotly checked by the proper treat-ment, and the symptoms very quickly become alarming to patient and attend-TREATMENT.

As soon as possible after the first symptom of the attack a wineglassful of Pe-ru-na should be taken. If it is vomited up immediately it should be repeated at once, and continue to repeat this dose until the stomach no longer rejects it. The first dose that is kept down should be followed by another in tifteen minutes until the pain is positively checked, when the Pe-ru-na should be continued in tablespoonful doses every two hours until entirely well. At the same time that the Pe-ru-na is being given by mouth an injection should be prepared, consisting of one quart of warm water and two tablespoonfuls of Pe-ru-na, which should be injected into the rectum as directed on page 13 of the "Ille of Life.'' This should be repeated every half hour until the severity of the attack is checked. This treatment will promptly cure any case of cholera morbus, and the attendants should lay aside every fear or doubt as to the recovery of the patient, and go quietly about the details as described above, when a perfect cure may be confidently expected with-

out fail. Here is a letter from one who has tested the virtue of Pe-ru-na in cholera morbus, . hich fitly filustrates the management of a case. It is from Fort Wayne, Ind., and reads as follows:

'Dr. Hartman-Dear Sir: On May 21 I was suddenly attacked by cholera morbus in the early part of the night. I had already gone to bed and was perfectiy quiet and feeling usually well, when I was seized with an awful griping pain in my abdomen, and cramps, which at once put me in such agony that I could not suppress loud grouns. The noise (made awoke a neighboring sleeper, who immediately came to my relief. I asked him to go for a doctor at once, for it seemed to me as if I should dle if I did not have help very shortly. He said there was no use to send for a physician, as it was evident I had cholera and he had Dr. Hartman's 'Ills of Life,' which was all the physician that any one needed. He got the book and turned to page 13 and read: 'Take a wineglassful every fitteen minutes,' and he quickly produced the Peru-na and gave me the dose. I had no sooner swallowed it than I vomited it up, and the second was immediately repeated, which was also vomited but the third time it stayed. He took the book and read again: 'Inject one quart of warm water with two tablespoonfuls of Pe-ru-ua into the bowels, and as my suffering was so severe, he fixed double the quantity and injected it as quickly as possible. In fifteen minutes I took another wineglassful of Peru-na, and I began to feel entirely relieved from the pain and other symptoms. The cure seemed to me almost like magic, for in two hours 1 was entirely free from pain, and, with the exception of the weakness produced from my indescribable suffering, I was as well as ever in my life. I have perfect confidence in the efficacy of Pe-ru-na to cure such cases, and am positive if every one could know this remedy cholera morbus would be robbed of nearly all its terrors. I continued to take a tablespoonful four times a day for a few days, which brought back my vigor and health and oured me of a dyspepsical difficulty which had troubled me for some time,' The disease known as bilious colio is caused by the passage of gall stones (biliary calculi) through the bile duct. These stones (calculi) are formed in the gall bladder from the bile, and when they are of small size their passage from the gall bladder through the bile duet to the duodenum is not noticed, but when they are as large as a pea or filbert, or

walnut even, their passage through this duct is accompanied by great pain. The symptoms are a sharp, tearing pain, beginning in the right side, but soon extending across the body and to the right chest and arm, quickly followed by vomiting and often jaundice. This, if not stopped, may last from an hour to three or four days. The pain throughout is terrific, causing great prostration. If the stone passes safely through the duct the patient will recover if properly treated, but if it is too long delayed in the duct inflamation and perforation will ensue, when recovery is very doubtful. To thoroughly relax the whole system.

and yet to sustain the heart's action un-

til the stone passes through the duct, is all that can be done after the attack sets in. Pe-ru-na in large and repeated loses, is by far the best remedy in these cases I have ever used. It should be given in wineglassful doses every half nour until relief is obtained, when a tablespoonful every three hours for a day or two will complete the cure. opium or other narcotic will be needed if this treatment is strictly followed, and a curs is absolutely certain. Bilious people are most subject to this trouble, and one attack of it is sure to be followed by another unless something is taken to correct the action of the liver which will prevent the further formation of gall stones. The remedy that will accomplish this is Man-a-lin, taken as directed on the bottle. Any one who has had one attack of billous colle should not neglect to take a thorough course of treatment with Man-a-lin to prevent the possibility Dr. Hartman's address to Columbus,

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DASHWOOD & ELLIOTT, AGENTS. Little Boy's Neck Broken.

Special to the Gazette. GAINESVILLE, TEX., Aug. 8 .- Yesterday evening about dusk, as a Mr. Clements, living near Forrestburg in this county, was leaving the city for his home, his team became frightened and ran away. Mr. Clements and his little son, about six years old, were thrown from the wagon. The little boy's neck

to no avail. The father was unburt, save a few bruises. Nothing contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of the geouing Angostura Bitters of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

was broken, killin bim instantly. The

body was taken to a doctor's office, but

Twenty Persons Drowned. VIENNA, Aug. 8 .- Twenty passengers who were on the train that was derailed and thrown down an embankment into a marsh near Pilsen, in Bohemia, last Wednesday, are missing. It is rumored they were drowned and their bodies

washed away. SUNDAY GAZETTE, AUGUST 10. Another Charming Letter from our Texas Girl

Our Youths' Department-Five Splendid Clara Belle's Rollicking Correspondence.

> Fashiona's Fashion Notes. Edgar Wakeman's Travels.

SUNDAY GAZETTE. AUGUST 10.

in the world that is without without doubt a beautifier, is Pozzoni's.

known depths of the disused shaft.

the grassy surface. Into the cold black water mine host fell

A portion of the old "cross trees" and

The infuriated man who had flung him

But all was still as death; nothing

And presently, when his eyes grew accustomed to the shadowy light—the semidarkness he could see about him quite

This was a large cavity in the side of the pit, evidently the "mouthing," or iet of blazing wood was illuminating the blackness of that silent old gallery.

afresh into the deep below.

Rising to his feet on the cross tree, up the pit side as far as the hole to see if it would bear his weight. It resisted his attempts to shake it down, and deeming

dark cavernous hole. There he lay for some minutes, pant-

one would be sent to repair it, and then he would be able to make known bis un-Thus thinking, Dan sented himself in the driest spot he could find, placed his

involuntary vigit, and he felt eagerly in his drenched pockets for his pipe, to-He found his match box and pouch, but

hoarser, stiffer, colder, as the time drifted away. The incessant dripping of the water in the shaft sang strange tunes in his ears. At times he dozed as he bent his face upon his knees, and now and again he crawled to the edge of the opening and glanced longingly upwards to where the bright sunshine and the day were.

Slowly the moments, minutes and hours flitted away, and sitting there in the gloom and stillness Dan Ashton had ample time to consider the heniousness of the fraud he and Walter Mayhew had practiced upon Mark Eliot.

ness towards Mark; he blamed himself for ever listening to and abetting Mayhew. The young man had been terribly wronged, and he-Dan-deserved all the torture and despair he was enduring. Slowly the long autumn afternoon spent itself, and gradually the light that fell down the old shaft grew fainter and fainter. The twilight was settling over

blackness of night would envelop Dan and his underground prison. Presently Ashton st. rted from a light doze into which he had fallen, and the sound of men's voices raised in passionate anger fell upon his intent ears. It was Mark Ellot and Mayhew; he could recognize their voices clearly; could

Suddenly the sharp report of a shot rang out, and then all was deathly still. In amaze Dan crouched there, still listening intently, and wondering what that shot could mean. But he heard nothing further; and then the intense darkness of night wrapped him and his cell in its rayless shroud.

For a little time longer Dan sat there

awake, but physically and mentally ex-

hausted. Then, at length, he gave way

tell they were engaged in a hot quarrel.

and fell into a deep and dreamless When he awoke the intense blackness still enveloped everything; he was cold as a stone, cramped with lying on the rocky floor, and his throat seemed worse

than before.

plunged overhead, and he had not attempted to restart it. Stiff with cold, famished with hunger, and stabbed to the heart with the fear of death, he groaned in his dire agony. The trials of that day had not been lost upon Dan, and what he was undergoing now he began to regard in the light of a punishment inflicted upon him by the Almighty, whose laws he had outraged.

He had never been a religious man;

rather had he jibed all his life at holy

What time it was he could not tell.

His watch had stopped when he was

things. But, at last, the horror of death had produced that change in him which nothing less potent could effect; and, kneeling there in that densely dark place which seemed likely to become his tomb he prayed with all his fervor. And when that incoherent orison was uttered he felt more at rest with himself

and the world; felt more strong to meet

his fate. Then other thoughts rushed in

If God permitted him to escape alive from that prison he would make atonement for all the wrongs of the past. He would confesss what hand and part he had had in deceiving Mark Eliot; would reveal to the world the real story of Nellie Pe berton's parentage: and the secret which enveloped the antecedents of the dead "Mark Eliot" should

Thus thinking Dan crouched there

with new hope. A low half articulate sob of joy fell from his lips and in an intest. Feeling in his pocket for his match-box he drew it forth. The matches were dry enough now to strike, and soon a tiny

Holding the lighted m tch aloft Dan glanced eagerly about him, and he saw that the place he stood in was really the entrance to an old mine, for there belery extended for an indefinite length. Throwing the expiring match from bim, he dropped upon his knees and began crawling along the old road, going

feeling his way, fearing each moment that some new peril might confront him. Now and again he struck a match to note the nature of the surroundings, and then he crawled onward afresh, hoping, praying that the dark and silent tunnel ne was so painfully traversing might lead him to freedom. Dan remembered now that there was a

slowly, cautiously on, and carefully

disused adit somewhere in the wood, and he imagined that this old gallery would lead to it. And so hoping he went on and on in the darkness, thinking that he would have bartered all his possessions for a lamp of some kind. While that thought was in his mind his fingers clasped something on the ground that sent a thrill of joy to his

heart. Eagerly he struck a light to find

They were hard and dry as sticks with

that he had stumbled upon a couple of

candles.

age, and had evidently been lost many years before by some careless pitman. With a muttered "Thank God!" Dan lit one of the thin green rolls of tallow, placed the other carefully away in his pocket, and then continued his journey. The old road Dan followed was about four feet in beight and about three yards in width. The floor was covered thickly with dust, the coal on each side was

coated with a red dust, denoting that it

had been long exposed to the action of

the air, and here and there small heaps of debris had fallen from the roof and But no serious obstacle barred the way as yet. Now and again he came upon old galleries which ran across one he travelled, but he kept on in a straight

showed that a current of air was travel-

an exit, perhaps the adit's mouth, would be discovered. Suddenly Dan came to a standstill, and a hoarse cry of despair burst from his ti cat. The way was blocked completely up by a great mass of fallen roof. Aghast he stood there, his hopes of saving himself dwindling away, and the candle shaking in his trembling fingers.

For a moment or two he stood half

dazed by the eight of the barrier which

stopped all further progress that way. Then he seated himself and began to The world, in its cold judgment, might deem Mark Eliot a murderer; but she, knowing how grievously he had been wronged, held him quite blameless.

to-day. He was held to await his moth-

Miss Grundy, Jr., Tells of Notable People.

Agricultural Department, Ladies' Department, Etc., Rtc.